A Ride in the Breeches Buoy.

While a Woman Swung on the Cable High in the Air Another Ship Grounded.

This is the true story of a woman's experience with the life-savers down on the Jersey coast, where the big ship St. Paul lies, stuck in the sand. I went down there expecting to have an interesting night, but before the night was over I had passed through the most exciting episode of my life.

Last week Friday night I spent up in the strange perch of Weather Forecaster Dunn, where we watched a great storm as it descended upon New York. What that seemed like—and it was a magnificent spectacle—was told in last Sunday's Journal.

The next morning I learned that the St. Paul had gone ashore during the very storm I had been watching. There was great excitement on the beach where she had stranded, the newspapers said. The life-saving crew had their apparatus out. The breeches buoy ran to the ship. It was the biggest wreck that had occurred around New York in years. I made up my mind to have a part in the excitement on the beach. I made up my mind to ride on that breeches buoy. I made up my mind to see that tremendous wreck. I went down to spend that night with the life-savers, and I saw more than I had counted on.

I was armed with a permit from Inspector Walker, and reached the Monmouth Beach Life-Saving Station in time to have dinner with Captain Mulligan and his men. Afterward—and it was after dark—I went out with the patrol.

From the depths of my satchel I produced first a pair of rubber boots, the sight of which tickled the Captain. Then came a heavy sweater and big woollen mits. Armed then with boots and sweater and mitts, and over all a heavy coat, my hat pinned firmly on my head, I announced myself ready.

Captain Mulligan assigned me to the care of Mr. Wooley, one of the crew, and as we left the house, the Captain shouted a warning command:

"Keep your eyes open—remember lives may depend upon your faithfulness."

Then the door slammed behind us, and we were out in the dark. We made our way along the sands, with the wind cutting into our faces. Without our lantern we could not have seen our way among the debris that was strewn along the beach; almost at our feet the mighty ocean, blacker even than the black heavens, roared and bellowed. We seemed very tiny. But tiny, too, seemed those little lights that flickered far in the distance, which my companion told me mark the Twin Highlands and Scotland and Sandy Hook lightships, and yet, tiny as these may appear, they are mighty in their importance to navigation. Without them New York Harbor, instead of being a haven of refuge to storm-tossed vessels, would be but a dangerous snare to the poor mariner. So we, too, apparently insignificant as we were playing an unseen part in the drama about us.

The fog was very dense and the wind blew right into our faces. I found it hard to keep up with my companion. We had travelled a long, long way, I thought, when my companion stopped suddenly at the door of a little wooden house.

"This is a halfway house," explained Wooley, "where I meet the patrol from the Seabright Station. He ought to be here pretty soon. First one makes the fire," he added, and he left me for a few minutes, returning with an armful of driftwood.

With this he quickly kindled a fire in the little stove. We were both very cold. We had scarcely gotten the fire going when there was a hail from the outside.

"Hello, Monmouth;"

"Hello, Seabright!" shouted my companion.

The stranger was wrapped in oilskins, like Wooley. He gave a stare of astonishment when he beheld me, but Wooley hastily introduced us.

Each of my companions dove into his coat pocket and brought out a brass check, which he handed to the other. They explained that by the exchange of these checks a record was maintained of their performance of duty.

All too soon, it seemed to me, we took up the march again. Although there was no rain the damp fog seemed to penetrate to the very marrow. As Wooley and I turned our faces back toward the Monmouth Station I felt that the walk before us was to test my endurance to the utmost. But the wind was at our backs, now, and we made the homeward journey in surprisingly short time. Oh, how delightful was the warmth of the station, and how delicious was the hot coffee that awaited us!

After a long, cozy rest by the fireside, Captain Mulligan started for the stranded St. Paul, two miles away. It was about 8:30, and as I looked out into the bleak blackness, I could scarcely realize that in New York City thousands of people were just settling down to an opera or play in the handsomely lit theatres of Broadway, teeming with pleasure-seekers. We trudged sturdily along again, the Captain swinging his lantern to guide our footsteps. Ahead of us was complete blackness, relieved only by the twinkling warning lights, shining afar off in the distance. And then, behold, a miracle! From out of the darkness there burst a city of light. It was like a fairy picture, set in an ebony frame. I turned toward my companion inquiringly.

"I thought you'd be surprised," he said. "That is the St. Paul."

How beautiful she was, blazing forth in all her glory, like some proud captive bidding defiance to her captors. As we quickened our footsteps we gradually made out a group of people upon the shore just opposite the steamer. Then as we went nearer still the captain pointed out the breeches buoy, by which communication had been established between the steamer and the shore.

The breeches buoy is a pair of big canvas breeches, hung from a great ring life-preserver. From this ring lines run up, which run through a pulley on a great cable, swinging from ship to shore. A smaller line pulls the buoy back and forth.

When a vessel in distress is sighted from the shore in a position that cannot be reached by the life boats a line is shot over its decks from the beach, by means of which the crew are able to pull from the shore the cable on which the breeches buoy is hung. This line is made fast on to stakes on the shore and the masts of the vessel at the other end. It is said that 11,000 lives have been saved by the breeches buoy on American coasts.

Captain Mulligan gave me a piece of the "shot-line" which carried the pulley and rope to which the breeches buoy was fastened to the St. Paul.

The St. Paul's passengers had already been transferred by lighters to New York, and the breeches buoy was simply used to convey messages from the ship to the shore.

But as we watched the buoy travelling on its way to and from the ship Captain Mulligan asked me if I would not like to go aboard. I literally jumped at the opportunity—that is to say, at the breeches buoy—and the next moment I was seated in, or, rather, astride of the buoy with my boots dangling through the canvas breeches. With a creaking of pulleys I began my journey.

Near to the shore the buoy swung high above the water. Below me rolled the black waters of the ocean. As I looked down into the depths a feeling of dizziness came over me, but the buoy felt so comfortable and safe that it soon passed

"I Swayed Wildly on the Cable."

of, and I could not have have fallen out of it if I had wanted to. That huge city of light seemed to be rushing towards me. I closed my eyes, and when I opened them again I had almost reached the mast to which the pulley was fastened—high above the decks. Below me the ship lay, like some sleeping giant. I caught but the reflections of the lights now. Only the light from the masthead was actually visible, but over beyond I could see the green and red and white lights of the Merritt Wrecking Company's tugs. The feeling of giddiness returned, and it seemed as though I should surely fall to the deck below; but again the perfect safety of the apparatus restored my courage.

The approach of the buoy had not been noticed by the people on the ship, because the life-preservers had purposely omitted the lantern which they usually fasten to it as a signal. But now I heard a voice below me:

"Aloft, there!"

Before I had a chance to reply I feel a sudden jerk—the little car was being drawn shoreward. As the buoy swung out I turned my face southward. Far in the distance was a beautiful green light. Then a rocket shot up into the air and burst, leaving a trail of yellow light behind it. Then, quick and fast, another and another, followed by a red light. Then a blue light. Then a sudden great magnificent burst of rockets—every color in the rainbow was represented. The steady green light shone steadily on, forming a beautiful background for the whole. Suddenly from the shore there burst a red light that burned and burned, brighter and brighter, until it reached a great climax of color. Then it as slowly faded away. What could it be? For a while, as I swung there in the air, I had not the slightest idea what these lights meant. Then I remembered—the Coston light. It filled me with a strange thrill, for I knew it to be the Life Savers' signal that "succor is at hand." It must only be given in answer to signals of distress from a ship on the rocks. The rockets must have been sent from a ship on the rocks.

I felt myself being drawn more quickly, as though the men at the other end were impatient. In another moment I was lifted from the buoy to the captain, who said excitedly:

"Here's a chance for you, life saver. There is a wreck off there—come."

The next minute we had turned our backs upon the city of light and were making straight for the Life Saving Station.

"She is on the Shrewsbury rocks," said the captain, as we plunged along in the darkness. "My! but she must be in sore distress to have sent up such a fiery appeal. She had her green light set for a pilot, too. And she needed one badly."

We travelled along as fast as we could. Suddenly there was another burst of rockets, more beautiful than before, and again flashed forth the answering signal from the shore. My heart beat rapidly as I realized that the danger of the men who sent us the lights was dire.

"She's pretty far out," said the captain. "She must be pretty near No. 3 Life Saving Station. I wonder if the men are able to launch a boat. I doubt it in this sea."

Suddenly ahead of us I heard a peculiar crunching sound on the sand, and yes—no, yes—the familiar ring of a bicycle bell.

"The Coot," said the captain, stopping suddenly.

"The what?" I say, when I can catch my breath.

"The Coot—the bicycle."

"Oh, yes, I remember now, the bicycle I noticed at the station which the men told me they had bought from the proceeds of the duck shooting, and named it after the Coot ducks whose lives had furnished the wheel.

The next instant the bicycle was upon us. It stopped suddenly. The rider was Milton West, of our station.

"The ship is sinking," he gasps. "Too far out for buoy to reach—cannot launch the boat. Going to St. Paul to get a tug."

"That's right," said the Captain excitedly, "ride—ride like"——

Back we turned toward the ship after the rider, running as fast as our legs could carry us. It seemed hours to us, but I suppose it was only minutes, before we were near to the St. Paul again. We could make out a little light travelling from the ship to the shore and almost at the same time we heard the shrill whistling of a tug. Then we saw a red and green light slowly begin to move away from near the St. Paul. A tug was moving toward the Shrewsbury Rocks.

"West has done the business," said the Captain. "He has sent his message to the St. Paul and the buoy is returning," pointing to the light rapidly drawing to the shore. And, looking off in the direction of the red and green light, he said: "The tug is even now on her way."

West had done the work. Riding through the darkness, almost at the water's edge, he had sped onward, never stopping until he had reached the breeches buoy. Then, in a second, he had fastened a note to it—"Send a tug at once to Shrewsbury Rocks; ship sinking fast"—and had shot the message over to the St. Paul.

The St. Paul had lost no time in transmitting it to one of the tugs. They knew well what it was to be stranded, and were only too glad to take some part in the rescue of another vessel.

And this is the true story of how the Merritt went to the rescue of the distressed ship Foyle, how she was pulled from the dangerous rocks and how the crew were saved from the black waters.

The rest has been told in the Journal—of how the tug put thirty men on board to work the pumps, and how she was finally towed to a haven of safety.

And that is how the life-savers of the Monmouth Beach Life Station won the lasting admiration and respect of

DOROTHY DARE.

MARRIED EIGHTY YEARS.

Perhaps the Oldest Married Pair in the United States.

[St. Paul Pioneer-Press.]

There is living in this vicinity, within three miles of the city, probably the oldest married couple in the State, if not in the United States. Their names are Darwin, and they were born in Montreal, Canada, and are French. Louis Darwin was born on September 24, 1788, and is therefore over one hundred and seven years old. His wife was born on March 17, 1794, and was one hundred and one on her last birthday. This aged couple were married in 1815, and have passed their eightieth anniversary.

They have lived near here for the past forty-two years, and he has been extensively engaged in the lumber and logging business also farming. They have reared a family of seven sons and five daughters, only five of them being alive now. The oldest daughter lives here and has a large family, she being married when she was eleven years of age. They have the fourth generation from the parent tree. The old gentleman was one of the liveliest among the "boys" on the river forty years ago, and could dance all around the young fellows at that time. He was noted for his politeness, which at times was somewhat ridiculous, as was the case when his wife was very sick. The attending physician going to see her, met the husband coming to the city.

"Good morning, Mr. Darwin," said he. "How is your wife this morning?"

Politely raising his hat, he said: "She is very much so, thank you, doctor."

New Light on a Lost Race.

Prof. W. J. McGee Believes He Has Learned the Origin of the Cliff Dwellers.

Washington, Feb. 1.—The origin of the ancient cliff dwellers of Arizona and New Mexico has, it is believed with reasonable certainty, at last been learned. This discovery was made by the expedition of the Bureau of Ethnology, under the leadership of Professor W. J. McGee, which has just returned to Washington.

While journeying through Northern Sonora, in Mexico, the expedition discovered and examined a number of entrenched mountains. These mountains constitute an ethnological phenomenon wholly unprecedented. Nothing like them has ever been seen in America. They are hills on which are still to be observed the remains of prehistoric fortifications of great strength. On them the ancient population of the region made its last stand against fierce invaders.

Most interesting of the relics of a vanished race were the entrenched mountains, which are found in the vicinity of fertile valleys and frequently near the modern villages situated on the sites of prehistoric towns. The system of fortified hills, if it may so be called, extends northward through Sonora into Texas. The northernmost of them is not far from Tucson, Arizona. Another overlooks the Papago village of Poso Verde, in Sonora. Another is in the neighborhood of the town of Caborca. Several others are near the town of Pitiquito. One overlooks the Mexican settlement of Poso Nuevo. The most remarkable of all are in the vicinity of the settlement of San Rafael de Alamito, in the Magdalena Valley, Sonora. There are many others, but these serve to illustrate the common association of entrenched mountains with sites suitable for human habitation.

These mountains are well known to the Mexicans, who have long regarded them with a curious though not scientific eye. The one that overlooks the town of Caborca is about eight hundred feet high and nearly a mile long. One side of the hill slopes steeply southward. The north side is very precipitous, the cliffs overhanging in places. Along the south side, half way up the slope, is a continuous wall built of loose stones and running the whole length of the mountain. The wall varies in height from two to ten feet, being made higher where the slope is more gentle and therefore easier for a foe to ascend. In places the wall is carried out in the shape of bastions, and where the slope is easiest the fortification is reinforced by supplementary walls above and below.

Toward the crest of the mountain, at various points where the ascent is easy, many large stones were found, some of them being of several tons' weight. It is evident that these were intended to be rolled down upon the approaching enemy, being placed so as to be easily dislodged by a push. Within the entrenchment Professor McGee discovered a few house circles—that is to say, the remains of circular houses built of stones. On the hillside were quantities of pottery fragments, the remains of thousands of pots of all shapes and sizes. There were also great numbers of stones brought from a distance, such as were suitable for the manufacture of hammers, arrow-points, knives, etc.

From these signs it is known that the people who fortified the mountains had no knowledge of the use of weapons. They were pottery makers and were skilled in the arts of the Stone Age. Relics yet more interesting were discovered by the expedition at San Rafael de Alamito. In that neighborhood are the most extensive mountain fortifications. Particularly remarkable are two hills, which are known in that country as Las Trincheras or the fortified places. The whole mountain side was sprinkled with fragments of pottery and with stones fetched from afar for use in the manufacture of implements. Many implements were picked up, such as utensils for grinding corn into meal.

Professor McGee traced for half a mile a canal which evidently had been used to supply water. He tried to follow the ditch further, but all signs of it had disappeared beyond. It was impossible to ascertain whether it brought the water from reservoirs in the hills or from the Magdalena River, four miles distant. The remains of the ancient irrigation works showed that they were on a very extensive scale. The valley of Aribaca to-day is irrigated by a ditch ten feet wide. The prehistoric ditch for watering the same valley was of much more elaborate construction, elevated above the level of the bottom lands, and 150 feet wide.

Very interesting material for study was afforded by rock carvings found on the two buttes near San Rafael de Alamito. They puzzled Professor McGee somewhat, because they seemed to represent not one era, but the works of modern Indians as well as those of the prehistoric people. For the most part these carvings exhibited the conventionalized forms of human beings, deer and other animals. They appeared to be records of feats of hunting, or in other cases the totems—coats-of-arms—of clans or individuals. Such rock carvings are made by the modern Apaches and by other Indians of the Southwest, but those unmistakably ancient were different, consisting of arbitrary symbols, the general arrangement of which suggested a likeness to the old Maya inscriptions of Yucatan. The carvings are to be studied and there is no telling how much of interest may be ascertained from them.

Professor McGee says that all indications point to the conclusion that the intrenched mountains were not permanent places of habitation. They were merely places of refuge, having neither granaries nor cisterns, and depending for water supply upon such quantities of that fluid as could be carried in ollas on the women's heads. From what is known of primitive warfare it is easy to judge what followed next. The next step was the destruction of the irrigation works by the savages, who cut the ditches and tore down the reservoir dams. Thus the food supply was cut off and the people starved. Only a few survived, and these were divided into two groups. One group made its way northward to the region of the Gila Valley, the Verde Valley, and the Salado Valley, where the rivers flow permanently. In the region which they had hitherto occupied the streams flow only for a part of the year.

The people of this group became cliff dwellers. Still harried by savage foes, they maintained existence with difficulty. Their dwellings on the ledges of inaccessible cliffs were safe against invaders, and from them they overlooked the valleys where their crops grew without the artificial storage of water, though helped by some irrigation. From time to time hostile tribes ravaged their fields, but they managed to get along. It was not an easy life, and some of them went further to the north, where they found fewer enemies and were able to dwell in the valleys. These were the early people of the pueblos, who built their villages for the sake of protection in a peculiar fashion that still survives. Thus the modern pueblo is a town consisting of an assemblage of rooms, entrance to the houses being obtained ordinarily by means of ladders.

The other group of survivors was driven into the desert so far that their conquerors did not venture to follow. There they developed abstemiousness and physical courage in an extraordinary degree, because these qualities were essential to their survival. Those who did not possess them died. Their descendants are the modern Papagos and Pimas, who are well known to be the bravest of all Indians.

On the mainland in the Seri country Professor McGee found an ancient shell heap, composed almost wholly of clam shells. It was sixty feet high and covered several acres. This heap is situated on the shore of the Gulf of California, fifteen miles south of the strait that separates the island of Tiburon from the mainland. This shell heap was so old that the mud flats from which the clams were obtained had vanished and had been transformed into salt flats and sand dunes. Moreover, the sea had cut away nearly one-half of the heap, so as to reveal a section of it from top to bottom. All through it, from top to bottom, fragments of Seri pottery and pebbles, such as they use to-day for implements, were discovered. This shell heap must signify a great lapse of time. Centuries were required to make the accumulation, and other centuries must have elapsed before the sea could cut away the land and obliterate the old lagoons in which the clams grew. The Seris were there before Columbus arrived. The civilization of the people who fortified the mountains passed away. The Spaniards came, and their dominion eventually disappeared. Now the Yankees are opening the country, and they find the fierce Seris the country, and they find the fierce Seris the country, and they find the fierce Seris exactly as they were half a dozen centuries ago—hopelessly savage and intractable. They have seen civilization after civilization pass by them, and they remain to-day as at the earliest beginning of the Stone Age.